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Trigger Warning & Authors Note

Trigger Warning

smut

Mental health struggles (depression, dissociation, suicidal ideation)

Drug overdose and substance abuse

Psychological manipulation and emotional abuse

Horror elements (possession, blood, medical trauma)

Swearing

Ships (main one is RusCan ship)

Constructive criticism is allowed.

Note: I'm gonna be all over the place, it's the first fanfic. I will change my au, and designs, I'll make sure to tell you if it's relevant.

Designs

NOTE: these are more human looking designs, feel free to imagine them with or without flags on their faces. some illustrations if they are included might not have flags on their faces, and some will. designs may change, whether visually, personality wise, or character dynamics. I will make sure to tell you if its relevant to the plot.

Canada is a 6'4" quiet, reserved man with long straight white hair that obscures his eyes—one green, the other with a black sclera and burnt amber pupil. His pale skin is freckled, and his body carries scars from the Second Battle of Ypres (1915), Vimy Ridge, the War of 1812, and lung damage from the Scheldt Estuary, causing coughing fits when he laughs. He's a skilled tactician and fighter, trained in hand-to-hand combat and marksmanship. A wendigo lurks in his conscience, causing blackouts and feeding into his masochistic tendencies. He takes painkillers and anxiety meds—often more than needed—and flips people off behind their backs. Despite his quiet nature, he overwhelms others with joy when excited, becoming klutzy. He wears a red tulip pin, a red flannel sweater with rolled sleeves, a black turtleneck, pressed black trousers, and black leather boots. He's the son of UK and France, little brother to USA, older brother to New Zealand and Australia, and father of the 13 provinces and territories. He tries to keep up good relations with first nations and Inuit(who are personified in my au), they treat him like a grandchild, and give him Hudson the beaver. He refused independence alongside USA, mostly out of fear. He's close friends with Ukraine, hooks up with Russia during hockey season, and has a pet beaver named Hudson. Though gentle, he often intimidates smaller nations. France taught him makeup, and he's surprisingly good at it.

Russia is a 6'7" stoic, cold man with pale blonde hair streaked with white, violet eyes, broad shoulders, and a fighter's build. He wears a grey turtleneck, a navy winter coat with a fur-lined hood, black

military pants tucked into steel-toed boots, and a grey ushanka marked with a red star. His body bears a jagged scar across his ribs from a knife fight, frostbite damage on his left hand and right ear, and a hammer-and-sickle tattoo on his shoulder. His humor is dry and biting, reserved for trust or mockery. He's the son of the USSR, grandson of the Russian Empire, big brother to Belarus, little brother to Ukraine. He had a childhood romance with East Germany that ended in 1990. He's manipulative, lonely, drinks too much, and haunted by the past. He craves control—over nations, over people—though he wasn't ready for it. He intimidates smaller nations like the USSR did. He hooks up with Canada during hockey season, allies with China (though it's strained), and sees Belarus as a pawn despite her need for affection. He hates half the Western world and both loves and resents the USSR.

USA is a 6'2" loud, brash man with messy blonde hair streaked red and blue, bright blue eyes, and he has athletic build without being overly muscular. He wears a navy blue retro pinstripe suit and usually has a gun somewhere on him, combat boots, a tongue piercing, and aviator sunglasses (on or on his head). He has a jagged scar across his back from the Civil War, scars on his kneecaps from 9/11, and dog tags from every war he's fought. Loud, impulsive, confident, and charismatic, he's terrible at relationships but still gets kissed often. Treated like something the British Empire could mold, he eventually snapped and hides his trauma behind immaturity. He's the son of UK, older brother to Canada, New Zealand, and Australia, and father of the 50 states. He tries to keep up good relations with Native America(she is personified in my au), who treats him like a troublemaking grandchild. CSA is a ghost that lingers near him, rarely visible but able to latch onto others. He wanted Canada to gain independence with him, but Canada refused out of fear. USA is emotionally unstable—dangerous when armed—and fiercely protective of family. He hooks up with Mexico (when Mexico allows), has an eating disorder, caffeine addiction, and insomnia. Though he plays dumb, he's surprisingly smart and doesn't gloat about it. He swears often, speaks with a loud, twangy voice that can shift into a businessman's tone, and loves baseball, football, fast food (especially burgers), and hacking. He hates vulnerability, is highly competitive with China, raised West Germany post-WWII, and was deeply depressed during the Great

Depression and Cold War—though he hid it from West Germany.

China is a 6'1" poised, commanding man with shoulder-length jet black hair threaded with red silk. His yellow eyes glint beneath a floating star surrounded by five smaller ones. He wears a Hanfu-style coat embroidered with golden dragons curling across the sleeves, red and gold earrings, and carries a folding fan—equal parts elegance and threat. He speaks in measured tones, strategic and manipulative, mocking others with quiet precision. Authoritative and intolerant of disrespect, he treats Taiwan and Hong Kong like possessions more than siblings. Allied with Russia—potentially romantic, if they'd stop posturing. Competitive with USA. Formerly close with USSR; they kissed once or twice and pretended it meant nothing. Keeps tabs on North Korea. Raised Japan post-WWII under obligation, not desire. Son of the Qing Dynasty, grandson of ancient dynasties—mythic and old.

UK is a 5'4" petty, posh man; he is pretty lean, blue eyes, and black hair streaked with red and white. He wears a tailored navy suit and a black wool trench coat in colder weather. Occasionally dons a black top hat with a red ribbon, a monocle, and carries a cane with a silver hook—expertly used to snatch things. He speaks with a crisp British accent, polite but sassy, rational yet fully believes in ghosts. He's missing his right ear from the Blitz and has a bullet wound from the American Revolution. His siblings are England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland; Ireland is his estranged cousin. Father to USA, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia. As an empire, he was a violent drunk post-American Revolution, taking it out on Canada especially. Before the Revolution, he was cruel to USA. Had a romantic fling with the Russian Empire for reasons unknown. After losing empire status, he worked to make amends. His relationship with France is ambiguously romantic—dinners, cheek kisses, and denial. He collects antique clocks and watches.

France is a 5'9" romantic, petty woman with long blonde hair streaked red, blue, and white—some from her flag, some from age. One side is curled elegantly. Her smoky gray eyes and 1950s-style makeup (smoky eyes, bold lipstick) give her a dramatic flair. She wears stylish outfits but loves cozy sweaters when relaxing. Her beret is always tilted just so. She has scars on her wrists from Nazi

occupation. She killed her mother, the Kingdom of France, during the French Revolution. Had romantic entanglements with Prussia and the British Empire. Mother of Canada—taught him femininity, though her parenting was erratic. Owns a silver pocket watch engraved with "Liberté." She's a wine expert, chaotic mother figure, and relentless gossip. Loves her culture and cuisine. Do *not* mention WWI or WWII around her—it will end badly.

Mexico is a 5'1" resilient, sarcastic boy with short dark brown hair streaked red, white, and green. His amber eyes and dark tan skin are marked with freckles on elbows and knees. He wears a red bandana around his neck, black tee, cargo pants with indigenous embroidery, black runners, fingerless gloves, and a skull-mouth tattoo on the back of his hand. Scarred ankles from colonization. Blunt but strategic liar. Struggles with drug addiction. Hates racism and injustice, often judges others by stereotypes. Son of Spain, but their relationship is strained. Hooks up with USA but insists he's straight. Friends with Canada and Latin American nations. Doesn't like teamwork. Talented at graffiti and guitar. Opinionated and unshakable.

Australia is a 6'1" wild, animal-loving boy with light brown hair, blue eyes, and tan skin covered in bandages from frequent injuries. Scars from animals, WWI, wildfires, and a bullet wound from Kokoda Track (1942). Wears a wide-brimmed hat, buttoned brown shirt, and wide gray shorts—or "formal" attire: long-sleeved button-down and black jeans. Free-spirited, sloppy, and playful, yet patient and kind. Hates war but would fight to protect animals and family. Uncomfortable being forgotten or pushed aside. Son of UK, younger brother to USA and Canada, twin to New Zealand. Has a pet snake named Bowie—claims it doesn't bite. He's lying.

New Zealand is a 5'0" shy, sweet girl with light blonde hair and heterochromia—one green eye, one light blue like Australia's. She bears a bullet wound from WWII and barbed wire/shrapnel scars from WWI. Wears jean shorts and a tank top that reveals indigenous-themed tattoos across her collarbone, neck, and shoulders. Often overlooked compared to her siblings, she opens up around Tonga and Samoa. Closest to Australia, whom she admires deeply. Stubborn, polite, and powerful. Strongly anti-nuclear—

especially after the Rainbow Warrior bombing. Daughter of UK, younger sister to USA and Canada, twin to Australia. Carries a satchel for her kiwi bird, Kiwi, who rides on her shoulder.

Ukraine is a 5'11" fierce, independent woman with long blonde hair to her mid-back, blue and yellow eyes, and a scar across her abdomen. She wears a flower crown of eternally blooming and frostbitten wilted flowers—a symbol of resilience and loss. Her outfit blends tradition and defiance: a vyshyvanka beneath a modern military jacket, bandaged hands and forearms, black cargo pants, and knee-high black leather boots. She's emotional, sarcastic, and rebellious. When the USSR collapsed, she bolted. She's the eldest sibling—Russia her brother, Belarus her sister, USSR her father, Russian Empire her grandfather. She tries to be a good sister to Belarus, but Belarus's volatility unsettles her. She's passionate about her culture, crosses others when she believes it's justified, and harbors deep hatred toward Russia for his past actions. Canada is a close friend.

Belarus is a 5'2" pale woman with platinum blonde hair—uneven and shoulder-length from a rage-fueled cut. Her left eye is green; her right is gone, hidden behind a scar and a long embroidered scarf that drapes over her face, ending in green and red pom-poms. She wears her childhood Soviet-era sailor dress, scuffed Mary Janes, and carries a blood-stained shovel decorated with ribbons. She's beautiful but haunted, with eye bags and a scar on her right hip. Her moods swing violently; she fakes smiles to seem "normal." She's the daughter of USSR, granddaughter of the Russian Empire, little sister to Russia and Ukraine. She's secretly dating Latvia, whom she loves but doesn't label. She craves affection from Russia, who treats her like a pawn. She tries to bond with Ukraine, but her instability and Russia/China's interference push Ukraine away. She hates China and finds peace in gardening, which is just poisonous plants.

so yea. these are the character designs, might change. I'll let you know if its important to the story. enjoy!

chapter 1:Blood On The Tile

warning: attempted suicide. blood, pills. if any of this makes you uncomfortable, please consider not reading this chapter.
note: I don't know to much medical things, got most of this fancy medical things from google.

The blackout. It was pathetic. He's pathetic. His hands are sticky and red, his mouth tastes like someone made him eat copper. it feels like his shoulder is dislocated, maybe it is, maybe she dislocated it.

The wendigo snarls. He coughs. She hisses in cree. sounds like wind through pin trees. But distorted. Wrong. He's wrong, she's wrong. Everything's wrong.

He looks in the mirror, his vision swims, his hands shake. She snarls.
"No dying because you're weak. Stay alive."

His reflection blinks. He didn't. He clutches the edge of the sink-

His grip slips. He lets out a strangled breath.

Crack

Thud.

The tile is cold, he's cold, she's freezing, his chest feels like frostbite from her, curled like smoke. Blood seeps into the gaps between tiles. Is it his? Someone else's? His, definitely his. He smiles, she hums, not happily. And it's not a sweet hum. Like someone scratched a record and still decided to play it. He reaches out. His hands touch something round. A pill bottle, orange and bright, too bright, see through. It's empty but brand new. Another is cracked, date's to small and his eyes wont focus. He smears the blood trying to get up, does he even want to get up and face some problems? Probably not. how about he just lays here in misery for a bit, it

quiet at least. Save for her complaining and insults. he feels nauseous, he wants to vomit, but he won't. It needs to work. He's felt like this before.

Once? Twice?

"11 times, little maple."

She murmurs sweetly. Or maybe she didn't say it sweetly, he could never tell. She's like France when she's drunk. Mood swings, thinly veiled threats and insults. ***"Im not like France, you idiot."*** she hisses. ***"Perhaps it'll be better with you dead, at least you won't be a burden to everyone."***

He chuckled. A sad little one. Maybe that would be better. For everyone, for her, for him. She snarled again

"I didn't mean actually kill yourself, i need a vessel and a pathetic one, so dont die. huff. men are fools."

He'll never understand her hatred for men, or for France. She never makes sense. She lies a lot. She laughs, then threatens. She makes him hurt, then hurts others. She is full of contradictions. None good.

His vision stops, then starts , stops, starts, stops, starts, stops, longer this time, then starts, like a flashbang.

"Get up, you're dying. Wake up. Wake up. Waaake upp."

"I don't really want to, there's just so much effort in it."

"Overdosing just because you're weak and pathetic. You can't handle all your problems and you take the coward's way out."

That's rude. And she doesn't even consider herself a problem, even though she makes up about half of it. Actually. Scratch that. She makes up three quarters of it, and she *still* denies it.

He feels limp, it's not the nice relaxed limp, it's the one that happens when you're too weak to move. He's had it a couple times. Vimy ridge for one. So much fighting, so much loss, too much noise.

Not enough *praise*.

His stomach hurts. Because of the 9 pills or her? Hunger? She probably made him eat and doesn't even know what.

Water drips, floor board creak. He curls up in a little ball. She laughs. He doesn't, maybe he does.

A creak, not a floor board. A door. Far away, but close. Not the bathroom door. But the front door. Is someone here? Her laughs turn to snarls. The type that a territorial dog does when someone gets too close.

"Stay awake! Nooo. I need you, I can't get you now. I'm not strong enough if you're not conscious this tiiime."

She whines a lot. His vision swims worse- it already has been horrible- and blackness. His breathing slows. But stays jagged. Her snarls and whines fade as he does.

"Canada?"

Footsteps, loud, heavy hesitant. Russia is here. Russia stares, hands gripping the bathroom's doorway.

"Canada?" he says it again, his voice cracking down the middle. He gets no response. There's pill bottles, two to be exact, one is cracked, both brand new, both empty. They're *empty*.

There's blood; from Canada's nose, a lot of it. He kneels, unintentionally in the blood.

Canada is pale, freckles ducted across his cheeks like ash, his fingers brush over his cheek, brushing hair out of his eye, he's cold to the touch, warmth fading. He checks Canada's pulse, faint but there. He feels his nose, not broken, despite all the blood. He grabs onto Canada's shoulders- too tightly, too scared. He shakes him, and he feels one shoulder move wrongly, too far from its socket, its dislocated.

He wraps his arms around Canada's shoulders, careful of the one that's dislocated. Pulling him close.

His hands tremble as he tries to dial emergency services and drops the phone, he scrambles to pick it up and accidentally puts pressure on Canada's dislocated shoulder, earning a muffled groan. He grabs the phone, dials 911, as his other hand instinctively reaches for Canada's, fingers intertwining.

Then he feels it, not a squeeze, but nails digging into his knuckles. Canada's nails. He stops. He moved, he's alive- right? He's not imagining it, he can't be. No no. He's real, Canada dug his nails in. A weird thing they did.

"Hello?" Right, he called 911

"Hi." His voice sounded so little, so weak.

"Hello sir, could you tell me the nature of your emergency?"

"He- uh, he's overdosed, on- on prescription drugs, his nose is bleeding. It's snowing, I'm at his cabin. It's cold, he's cold, he's alive and- he sounds awful, and there's something growling in my ear and there is no one else here."

The dispatcher was calm, it made Russia relax and annoyed him, he didn't want to be the only one freaking out.

"Everything is wrong, he is not okay," his voice cracked on okay.

"Okay sir, I need you to stay calm. You're doing great. Can you tell me what his name is?"

"Canada! His name is- Canada." he almost added "and right now Canada is dying since no one ever bothered to ask him he was okay" but he didn't need more questions, he needed help. "Understood. Help is on the way. I need you to stay on the line. Is he conscious at all?" The dispatcher voice was calm, like someone overdosing is a totally normal Sunday, maybe it is. "He moved. He dug his nails into my hand. I think he's still here." Russia replied, his hand tightening on his phone, then he loosened his grip. Tighten, loosen, tighten, loosen, a trick Ukraine taught him to calm down when they were little.

"Good. That's a sign. Keep talking to him. Keep him awake if you

can. Say his name. Let him hear your voice." he did as instructed, saying his name over again, like it could summon Canada's will to wake up and say he's okay. "Canada. Canada, please. Stay with me."

"You're doing well. Now listen carefully. If he vomits, turn him on his side—away from the dislocated shoulder. Do not give him anything to eat or drink. Just keep him warm and conscious. What medications did he take?"

He looked at chaos, blood, pill bottles, a faint growling in his ear "I —I don't know. Prescription bottles. One cracked. I can't read the label."

"That's okay. Paramedics will assess that. You said you're at his cabin? Is it accessible by road?"

"Snowy, but yes."

"Perfect. Stay with him. Keep talking. Help is minutes away. You're not alone."

Russia felt alone in all the ways that mattered, and felt watched in all the ways that freaked him out.

The sirens sliced through the silence like a blade—shrill, urgent, too loud for the quiet dread that had settled over the bathroom. Red lights bled through the frosted windows, flashing across the walls like warning signs from another world. Russia didn't move at first, arms still wrapped around Canada's shoulders, He just stared at Canada's pale face, still whispering his name like it might keep him tethered to this side of reality. He heard a growl, and his grip tightened on Canada. Then came voices. Then two paramedics stepped in, boots thudding against the tiled floor. Kneeling beside Canada without hesitation, gloved hands moving with practiced urgency. They took Canada from Russia's arms, laying him on the ground.

"Male, mid-twenties?" one asked, voice clipped.

"Canada," Russia said, too fast. "His name is Canada."

The paramedic nodded, checking vitals. "Pulse is weak. Breathing

shallow. Dislocated shoulder, possible overdose. Blood loss from nasal hemorrhage."

Russia was still kneeling, unsure of what to do. He usually only buried someone, not pulling them away from death. He felt like furniture—present but useless.

"Did he vomit?" the paramedic asked.

"No. Not yet. He moved. He—he dug his nails into my hand."

"That's good. That means he's still responsive." The paramedic's voice was calm, but his hands were fast, precise. He wrapped Canada in a thermal blanket, avoiding the injured shoulder, then inserted a nasal cannula for oxygen. Canada's chest rose slightly—barely—but it rose.

The paramedics exchanged a glance. "We need to move him. The cabin's tight. Let's get the stretcher."

They disappeared for a moment, and Russia was alone again—except for the Wendigo, who probably just wanted to soak in dread and terror of the situation before following. She whispered something unintelligible in Cree. It sounded like laughter, though Russia could barely hear it. It wasn't attached to him.

Then they were back, lifting Canada gently, strapping him in, securing his head, his limbs. Russia followed them out, snow crunching underfoot, the cold biting harder now. The ambulance doors opened with a metallic groan, and Canada disappeared inside.

Russia climbed in after them, sitting beside the stretcher, gripping the edge like it might anchor him. One paramedic monitored vitals, the other radioed ahead. "ETA to hospital: fifteen minutes. Male, unconscious, suspected overdose, shoulder dislocation, nasal hemorrhage. Vitals stabilizing." Everything was a blur after that, sirens, flashes of light, fancy words he's only ever seen in a medical textbook, (he got through one page before he got bored) someone telling him Canada's gonna be okay, and now wait.

chapter 2: Still Breathing

Note: dark humour, also please let me know if any of the medical terms or procedures are wrong. constructive criticism.

The hospital smells like antiseptic. It's sterile, and white, bright. It's loud, a nurse's voice sounds like it's underwater. The heart monitor beeps.

Beep. beep, beep, beeep, beeeep.

It picks up, Russia panics. Then it evens out again.

Beep, beep, beeep, beep.

Russia drags a hand through his hair, his uskanka in his lap. This happened, no one noticed. How could someone not? Sure, Canada isn't exactly easy to notice, but everyone thinks he's amazing. You can notice him, surely someone should've noticed how hollow he looked, *he* should've noticed, but he didn't, it's not hockey season, so they don't exactly interact until then.

A *growl.* It echoed through the room, like running through an alley. He looked at Canada, still pale, still unconscious, breathing at least.

The growl faded. Canada's head moved towards him, his brow furrowed like he was in a nightmare he couldn't escape. Canada had been restrained for safety, reasons unclear to Russia, Canada can't do much when he's unconscious. Russia stared for a minute, Canada was still pale, his freckles dusted across his cheeks like spilled ink. Russia slid his hand hesitantly into Canada's curled fingers, lacing their fingers together and giving a light squeeze, the heart monitor spiked. Well that's ironic.

A nurse came in, clutching a clipboard to her chest like a riot shield.

"Sir, is there anyone we could call? Friends? Family?"

"Why are you asking me?"

"Well the patient is unconscious and he has no emergency contacts listed. You two do seem close." the nurse squeaked out, clutching the clipboard tight enough her knuckles were white. Did she find Russia intimidating? Was she new?

"Nyet, dont call anyone yet, he might not want anyone knowing." russia smirked inwardly, he was finally being thoughtful and considering others wishes. The nurse gave a faint nod and hurried out of the room like a scared rodent.

Russia looked back at Canada, who did not look content whatsoever, his brows were furrowed, the iv drips, Canada chest rises, shallow breaths, but steady. Russia heaved a sigh, all of the times Canada had seemed off, where his smile never reached his eyes, how his laugh was hollow, how Canada wanted it rougher sometimes. Russia scowled, he never really was there. He couldn't exactly do that without raising suspicion, and Canada guarded him like a shameful secret, maybe he was a shameful secret to Canada. He squeezed Canada's hand again, Canada didn't squeeze back, his hand was cold and limp, like a corpses'. The heart monitor still beeped, the iv dripped, something snarled, the lights flickered.

The nurse from before stepped in, deliberately avoiding Russia. Her eyes flicked to the heart monitor, then to Russia, then back again. She adjusted the IV bag with practiced hands, but her posture screamed *nervous*. She checked the heart monitor, scribbled something down in horrid handwriting, adjusted the IV bag, she checked the nasal cannula, and glances at Russia.

Russia didn't speak. He just watched her, eyes cold, fingers still laced with Canada's limp hand.. "How tall are you?" Russia blinked. She wanted to know *his* height? "6'7, why?" the nurse didn't look at him "oh, well you just seem really tall, your personality, it lists that canada is 6 '4, and it looks like you tower over him." the nurse explained in a voice too sweet for the type of situation. "I wouldn't say I tower over him." Russia mumbled, *if this is what hospital staff consider a conversation,* Russia thought *I'm just going to hope I bleed*

out before I ever get to the hospital. The nurse glanced at him again, longer this time. "Are you two together?" she asked casually, Russia felt targeted. "Nyet, we are just acquaintances." The nurse hummed some off key tune that sounded like something about maple syrup. "Well, I'm glad he has someone. He sure is lucky to have someone like you." Russia had a rising suspicion the nurse was either hitting on him, or being sarcastic. The nurse finished her task, scribbled something down in that horrid handwriting of hers, gave a faint smile to Russia and left with a soft click of the door.

Russia heaved yet another sigh. His grip tightening on Canada's hand. He's been here for hours, waiting for some sign, sighing too much, all because he's been distant enough that he never saw the signs.

The heart monitor spiked yet again, and Canada's limp hand tensed unexpectedly. Russia's eyes widened.

"Canada?"

"Canada? Are you finally joining the world? After all that shit you decided to do?"

Russia honestly gave up on being nice to anyone, is this what Canadians felt like all the time? *Were* Canadians even happy? Canada sure wasn't. Canada would probably kick his shin for believing certain stereotypes. Russia focused his energy on staring intently at Canada's pale face. Canada's lips were parted and Russia half expected Canada to mutter an insult in French.

Canada's head twitched towards Russia, brow furrowed and his eyelids fluttered. Russia brushed a strand of Canada's white hair from his face, earning a recoil from it. Canada twitched violently, straining against the restraints. Russia's breath caught and he grabbed Canada;s shoulders squeezing them, he hopes he doesn't cause too much pain by grabbing Canada's healing shoulder. Canada twitched again, Russia pushed him down into the mattress, will the nurse come? Oh please don't, not another conversation with that woman.

Canada's eyes fluttered open, an emerald green one, and then the

black sclera and burnt amber one, so weird, it's not fun having a conversation with Canada and having his eyes scream two different emotions.

"You look like shit."

Russia doesn't know what he was expecting from Canada, but it wasn't that. Man, Canada is so rude at times.

"Thanks, you caused it, you're welcome."

"For what? You interrupted my dying. So close and *then* YOU just had to arrive!"

"Why'd you try?"

Canada fell silent after that, he tested the restraints again, nope, nothing. He looked at Russia, he did look like shit, and he looked tired like he stayed up just waiting for Canada. Canada didn't know why he liked that, but he did know he didn't *like* liking it.Canada looked at Russia then away again, he had no clue what to say. Russia saved him from killing himself, so he can't exactly scream at him, but he also doesn't want to say thank you, especially when it could've worked, he was so close, but no. Russia just has to get involved. He tested the restraints again, leather, not the type used for sex(Canada would know if they were) they were the types used for restraining the insane, the one people thought were a danger to themselves or others. Great, people think of danger to himself or others. Probably himself, he doesn't look like the type to have killed a man, he has though. He'd do it again. *Ugh* he still tastes blood, *what the fuck* was she trying to do? Drown him in it? This is why he hates the smell of raw meat. '

"Youre gonna stay with someone after this, right?"

Canada turned his attention back to Russia. "No, I'll just go home, and stay with Hudson. OH MY GOD HUDSON. WHERE IS HE!?"

He watched Russia visibly flinch from him yelling. ***"Aww, look how pathetic he looks, you should yell at him more often."*** Canada suddenly wanted to cry. Of course she has to wake up right now.

"Russia, could you please go get Hudson? I left him at France's place. She loves watching him."

Russia blinked then nodded, "of course, moy sumasshedshiy lyubovnik." Russia stood and and slipped his hand from Canada's grasp, Canada hadn't realised they'd even been holding hands. Russia stretched, muscles flexing, his chest puffing out, ohh yes. Canada watched intently, enjoying the view. ***"You're disgusting and pathetic, he's not that pretty, and i like men too"***

Russia exited the car, and stood in front of France's place. A large chateau that was a little rundown, then again, to expect France to try and maintain the place wasn't something she'd do. Russia knocked and heard "im coming!" from France.

France opened the door with a flourish, holding a wine glass in one hand. "Bonjour Russia, what brings you here?" France asked. Russia stared at the usually beautiful woman in front of him. She wasn't wearing much makeup, her lipstick was smudged and she looked tired. Her hair was a little unruly, and few curls had fallen out since the last time he saw her with curled hair. "Im here for Hudson." Russia explained, hoping she wouldn't ask too many questions "Oh? And why are you here for Hudson and not Canada?" Well shit, that's the only question she needed to ask. "Canada is busy, a hockey game went a little haywire." Russia smiled and hoped he sounded convincing. France squinted at him, then with a dramatic sigh turned around and screamed "Hudson! Get your little beaver ass here right now!" It was uncomfortably silent for a moment then a flash of fur and teeth lunged at Russia, landing square on his chest. Russia let out and strangled gasp as he hit the ground with a thud, as Hudson the beaver, with his claws still embedded in Russia's coat chewed on in his ushanka. France giggled and with flourish "Au revoir au revoir, Russia. Make sure Hudson is safely with Canada!" France clanged the door to her chateau shut, and left Russia with a violent beaver.Back at the hospital, Russia walked into the room with Hudson the beaver pinned to his side. The beaver's fur was unruly in the spots where the seat belt was, yea, Russia had to restrain Hudson with a seat belt on the ride back to hospital. Like owner like beaver. Canada's eyes lit up as soon as he saw Hudson and might have reached his arms out, but they were still restrained.

Russia would ask for it to be removed or why the fuck it was needed in the first place.Hudson wriggled free and landed at the foot of the hospital bed with a thump and bounded across it, skidded to a stop at Canada's chest and nuzzled in instantly. Canada smiled, looking generally happier than Russia had seen in the last few months, he looked alive. Which made it feel worth it to get attacked by an opinionated beaver. After a while of Russia on his phone staring at Latvia's text that is a mix of pathetic spelling skills and poetic little sentences that sound desperate, and Canada pretending to be asleep(Russia might've believed it but he saw Canada staring at him) a doctor walked in with a clipboard.

The doctor introduced himself and explained Canada's condition, Canada's stare growing gloomier with every issue. "We believe it would be best if you were to stay with someone given what happened when you were alone, and you need a psych evaluation before you can be discharged. " the doctor explained, Canada huffed. "I don't need to stay with someone, I want to be alone-" Russia cut him off. "No. stay with France, or USA." Canada looked at him, then at the doctor. "Leave us alone for a minute, please?" the doctor nodded and left. Canada turned his scowl to Russia. "Im not staying with those two at all." Canada hissed. Russia squinted at him. "Why not?" he asked. "Usa would make it a big deal and generally just not help no matter how much he says he's helping. And France is too dramatic and she isn't the best at caring for others." Russia nodded. "Okayyy, stay with me." Canada basically choked on air. "Y-you?! What?!" Russia nodded. "Yes, me. I'll be a good host, okay? And no one will bother you." Canada pondered for a moment, then sighed. "Fine, but I have conditions."

"Of course you do"

"What's that suppose to mean?"

"Princess."

"I'm not that spoiled, asshole," Canada quipped. "And will you listen to me?" Russia gestured for him to speak. "I want sex and neck kisses, and don't tell anyone or I will kill you in your sleep." Canada listed them off on his fingers with increasing dramatics. Russia had to admit, this is definitely one way of getting laid.

The Evaluation

NOTE: i'm not gonna call this a chapter, its more like an interlude before chapter 3, also sorry for not translating that Russian piece. moy sumasshedshiy lyubovnik is Russian for "my deranged lover. and **TW**, dark humour, suicide mentions, mentions of drug abuse, also Canada is being extremely pessimistic and he being quite nihilistic. and feel free to have some constructive criticism, and if you really want, perhaps put some requests and i might make a short story of it. key word is perhaps, I'm bad at time management.

"Do ever have suicidal thoughts?" Canada stared at the therapist across from him. ***"Yes, yes you do. Tell her about your little attempts. Little mapleeee."*** Canada shook his head. "No, I do not." Canada knew how to lie, WW2 was all about lying. If they didn't know what you knew, you were already winning.

"Could you tell me why you took eleven prescription drugs? What were you feeling at that moment?" Canada sighed, looked away, and faked trying to seem ashamed. "I was really tired, y'know? I had gone out with USA. Since he had been really busy, and I guess I just... Didn't count." Canada smiled sheepishly. "This is the first time. It's scary. But I have friends and family to help me." he smiled, tilted his head, and straightened his posture a little. All to seem trusting in others even if he knew us probably wouldn't notice if he was dead.

The therapist watches Canada closely. She doesn't interrupt his polished answer, but she doesn't smile either. Canada noticed. She was questioning his answer. Okay so she's not a surface level person, she has probably has seen plenty of lies that might've caused someone their life,

She lets the silence linger for a moment after he finishes. "Thank you for sharing that. You seem very composed, and I can see you've thought a lot about how to present yourself. That's not a bad thing —it shows you're careful. But I want to make sure we're not

skipping over anything that's still hurting." Canada shifts slightly, she's kind, and smart. You'd probably need a smart and gentle person when dealing with people whose minds broke against their will.

"You said this was the first time. That it was scary. But you also said you didn't count the pills. That's a little contradictory, don't you think?" Canada frowned, pretending to look confused, but he knew she was probing deeper. She's like an interrogator. "I didn't count the pills because I was tired. Y'know how sometimes you forget you are holding the lolly and throw it in the bin instead of the wrapper?" the therapist smiled softly "That's a vivid image. It sounds like you're saying you were distracted. Or maybe overwhelmed." Canada shrugs, noncommittal.

"Sometimes when people are tired, they make mistakes. But taking eleven pills isn't a small mistake. It's a moment that usually comes from something deeper. Something heavy." Canada's jaw tightens. The Wendigo hums again, its shrill sound still makes a noise like nails against a chalkboard. ***"She's digging, little maple. She wants to find the rot."*** Canada nods, like he was only just understanding that trying to overdose isn't a small mistake. He knew it was, he was trying to do it, things got too loud and eternal sleep seemed like a better option. "Things happen, right? I didn't mean to, and I'll stay with someone, Russia is a great guy," Canada tried to sound almost dreamily. "I mean sure, he can be *sooo* annoying. But he just cares, that's all." Canada tried to make it sound like a playful complaint against a friend whom Canada definitely has imagined some painful deaths for. Although Russia wasn't quite a friend, he was an enemy to be frank. An enemy that becomes very hot and very fuc-***"UGH, stop thinking about that. My my, if the others knew what you were thinking."*** ...during hockey season, she always interrupts his thoughts. Pest the wendigo is. but Canada had to hide his smirk behind his hand. Although it'd be better to paint Russia as a friend instead of an enemy, can't have people knowing he relies on someone he usually hates for survival.***"He's not just annoying, he's like someone who won't stop when you tell them to."*** Canada had to admit, she wasn't wrong. Russia is like a splinter when he starts paying attention. Canada chuckled a little, leaning his head against the back rest of the couch. "Russia is protective, but that's all I'd

chalk it up to be." The therapist scribbled something down. Canada wondered what creative word she'd use for him, perhaps PTSD. Canada found he'd always liked the term "shell shock" better, probably because that's what they used in the trenches sometimes. It's simple too, but understandable, it doesn't sound childish, those men deserved to be respected. Rather than words shortened into something people use like a steamroller, flattening issues out. Canada looked back at the therapist. She was nicely dressed. Nice clean, simple floral pattern dress. Stockings with no holes, unlike New Zealand when she was little, all her leggings and stockings had holes in them. Canada always thought they had made her look cute, like a little warrior. He also noticed the earrings, small, simple, but they had the bisexual pride flag on them, that's cool. Good for her. He felt happy for someone, that's good. Then he saw her footwear. Heels, around 6 inch at least. Black with red bottoms. Christian Louboutin. Fancy expensive. She's clearly got a good salary. She probably deserves it, probably had to babysit serial killers once or twice.

Canada smiled. "I love your heels." the therapist blushed. "Why thank you." She did seem genuinely flattered, she probably doesn't have a lot of people complimenting her, when you're stuck in your own world, it's hard to admire others. "My maman has those heels too, my maman has always been quite the fashion designer." Canada made his voice sound lighter, or maybe it was. France was an okay mum. "You would totally get along with her, she'd teach you how to tell the difference between Cabernet Sauvignon, and Sauvignon blanc." Canada was glad he could still speak with a french accent. His voice had always been a weird mix of French and British, then you throw his more distinguishable Canadian accent into the mix and it's just chaos.

Canada stood, he's had enough. But he's ending on a happy note. Happy notes are good. The therapist stood as well. "I'm sure you'll be able to be discharged. And you'll still get therapy sessions. Which is always good." she smiled, and Canada smiled back. He might not have overly enjoyed the therapy session, but he did like the quiet therapy had.

Russia had been waiting outside, he was texting aggressively,

probably China, Canada guessed. Russia only actually thought about whatever insult he'll say when speaking to China.

Russia looked up and smiled, Canada could tell Russia was just trying to be nice, it was his too polished smile, not the really wide that made him look insane, the one Canada's managed to see.

Canada straightened his coat, and smiled at Russia. "Let's go Rus, you did say I'd stay with you until the whole 'I nearly died from an overdose' chaos is over." Russia stood beside him, phone forgotten. Russia gently put his hand on Canada's back. And Canada found himself almost leaning into it. He shook his head softly, he's just delusional and tired. ***"Delusional doesn't even begin to cover what's wrong with you."***

Chapter 3: Neck Kisses

Trigger warning: swearing, dark humour, the usual.

Canada stepped into Russia's apartment, it looked more like a movie set than an actual living space. "Wow. this place feels so....." Canada was trying to decide if he should just call it lonely looking and sad. Or try to make up some excuse and not hurt Russia's feelings. Fuck it, Canada just survived an overdose, Russia gets the the truth. "This place looks lonely and just really sad," Canada said bluntly. "Are you a clean freak just as much as you are a control freak? Do you need everything to be perfect or you'll *die?*" Russia glared at Canada but seemingly let the insult go. "Do you want to get your stuff tomorrow or tonight?" Canada yawned mockingly, "tomorrow. Please." Russia nodded, tossing his car keys on the counter and shrugging off his coat. "M'kay. You can sleep in my bed, I'll take the couch."

"You don't have a guest room?"

"I do, it's just not usable."

"Okay, but you're not sleeping on the couch, it wouldn't be fair." Canada huffed. He didn't want to be a bad guest. Plus sleeping with russia in the same bed increases his chances of sex. And *divine maple*, did he need something to get his mind off those pills. Russia probably realized what Canada wanted. "Im not sleeping with you to have sex." Canada groaned. "Its one of the conditions! You have to or I'm going home!"

"Pervert." Russia hissed. Canada clenched his fists. "Fuck you." Canada turned away, Russia is such a nuisance. ***"That's what I've been saying! Why don't you listen to me more often!"*** Canada suddenly wanted to cry, loud ugly sobs. But he didn't, since honestly he didn't want to waste his energy. He was tired as it was anyways. "Can you give me neck kisses?" Canada asked. "Why?" Russia replied, raising an eyebrow. "I'll give you head in return." Canada said sweetly, like he was bargaining for a piece of gum.

"Nyet." Russia snapped back, maybe a little too quickly. Canada dropped his little sweet act. "Fine, I don't give a fuck." Canada hissed. "Oh don't be like that," Russia groaned, reaching out to grab Canada's shoulder. "Not everything is about sex, you know that." Russia said as Canada stepped out of his reach. Canada posture was slouched, he was curling in on himself again. "You think I'm disgusting don't you?" he muttered, his white hair falling over his eyes. "Of course I don't think you're disgusting! That's crazy!" Russia tried to soften his tone, but Canada could tell he was upset, Russia was losing his control. Poor little control freak, Canada thought bitterly. "Ca-na-da." Russia said again, stretching out each syllable. "Wha-at?" Canada snapped back, glaring at Russia. He didn't flinch under Canada's gaze, but Canada could tell he was trying not to snap, his breathing picked up and was hitching when he was trying to slow it down. Russia had so many small tells, even USA could figure them out if he actually looked hard enough. "You're not disgusting. You're upset and not thinking straight." Russia sounded calm, and also full of bullshit. "Dont manipulate me, enfoiré!" Canada snapped. "Dont call me some insult in French. I'm trying to help and you're being difficult!" Russia snarled.

"I love you."

"What?"

"What? Am I not allowed to say I love you? Scared you're actually gonna love me back?" Canada growled. He paused at his own words, holy shit he was random. But still talking to Russia about love is like trying to win an argument against a toddler. It's impossible and emotionally and mentally draining. "Where's Hudson?" Russia asked quietly, since the violent and opinionated beaver had yet to reveal itself since Canada was discharged from the hospital. "With Uk, didn't you fucking drive me to UK's castle he calls small and watch me drop hudson off? Like seriously what the fuck is going on in your head?" Canada was very right about Russia being a toddler, he seemed to barely string together coherent sentences most of the time. "First of all, I'm not stupid, so don't look at me like I am. Second, I had a nap in the car while you talked to your father. So get off my case." Russia sounded a lot like he was pleading, and the expression he was making didn't help. Although

he might be hallucinating Russia's expression right now. If only Canada had his phone to take a picture and use it as blackmail. If only. "Okay, rus. I'm tired and when I'm tired, I'm not-" Russia interrupted "you've been so... *wrong.* You may pretend to be all polite and sweet. But you've been so irritable to everyone." Canada scowled. "I've not been *WRONG*, I'm not pretending, stop saying that. Fuck you. And I'm tired and stop." Russia looked at Canada with exasperation. "Youve been a little twit, and it's making me want to push you into a lake." Russia's mouth was a thin line. "Aww, already giving me more ideas. Thanks." Canada clasped his hands together like he was excited for pancakes.

"Canada, do you want to try again?" Russia asked. Canada froze, fuck he been so obvisous. and also, guess its good Russia noticed, since Canada honestly was already thinking of gore. Is it though? Canada shook his head. "No. That's stupid." Russia looked at him for a moment.

"Do you want a hug?" Russia asked, Canada stared. No? Who was he kidding? He wanted physical touch so bad, he wanted to crawl out his own nasty flesh. "Yes. I would like a hug. Please." Russia stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Canada's shoulders. Canada shifted a little until he leaned against Russia like a puzzle piece that finally found its spot. And then deliberately smooshed his face against Russia's chest, he could feel his heartbeat. It was going surprisingly fast. *Hehehe. He does love me* Canada thought randomly*, like that changes anything.*

He felt Russia weave his hands from Canada with long white hair. "I swear to god if you pull my hair-" As if on cue Russia yanked on Canada's hair, Canada's head shot back and he let out a very involuntary sound. Canada stepped away from the hug, glaring at Russia who still had his hand curled around Canada's hair. "Why the *fuck* do you always do that?" Russia stared at him like with a blank stare, probably nothing going through that boy's thick skull. Canada thought sharply.

"Intrusive thoughts."

"Intrusive thoughts?! You asshole, this is why I always have to tie my hair back when I'm around you!"

"Sorry?"

"Sorry ain't fucking gonna cut it!" Canada shrieked, he was going to ignore how many times he said sorry, but at least *I'm honest.* Canada thought bitterly as he glared at him. *Most of the time.*

Russia slowly backed away inch by inch like Canada wouldn't notice, but he did. "Stop running away! You coward!" Canada wanted to strangle Russia. He wanted to hurt something. No he didn't want to hurt something. She did. *Parasite.* "I'm sorry, Canada. Also, are you okay? You're shaking again." Russia gently wrapped an arm around him, trying to be gentle. "I'm fine, I'm tired. I'm going to have a nap." Russia nodded. Gently guiding Canada towards the bedroom. "Okay, come on."

Day One

Note: things get a little spicy, swearing.

Canada blinked awake, disoriented and almost sure he was still in his house, but he wasn't. Apparently, he was at Russia's. Was it hockey season? No, no hockey gear, and Canada didn't seem to have any hockey related injuries. He sat up slowly, he was still dressed in the black long sleeve Russia let him wear. It smelled like his cologne.

The wendigo seemed quiet, she slept a lot. Like USA when they were little, before USA became energetic. Canada stood stretched, and ran a hand through his messy white hair.

Russia was in the kitchen, cooking, in a tank top that barely covered anything. Canada knew a certain *s word* he could call him, but decided against it.

"Whatcha makin'?" Canada asked, hopping onto the kitchen counter.

"Syrniki."

"What's syrniki?" Canada knew he'd butchered the name, but Russia remained suspiciously quiet.

"Russian pancake." Russia said simply, flipping the syrniki with ease.

"Sounds lovely." Canada yawned, pancakes sounded amazing honestly. Especially drenched in maple syrup and butter. He sat imagining the maple syrup and buttery heaven only to have Russia place a hot plate full of syrniki on his lap.

"Owowowo *ow*. The plate is hot," Canada hissed, yanking the plate off his lap and glaring at Russia. "And do you have any maple syrup?" Canada clutched the plate with one hand, the other reaching for a fork. Canada hated just how well he knew Russia's

place; he's here way too much.

"Only strawberry jam." Russia continued to flip the syrniki. Canada frowned, staring at the syrniki.

"This is a hate crime."

"You're being dramatic. Eat." Russia went to the fridge, rummaged around like he was searching for answers to bringing someone back from the dead and placed a jar of homemade jam onto the counter beside him. Canada felt a random repulse to it, it looked too much like blood thick with guts. Canada stared, jaw clenched. Then looked away. He was ugly in the mind, his own saliva suddenly felt disgusting. Canada cut the syrniki with his fork and stabbed a piece, maybe too aggressively, but who cares if there's a chip in the plate. The syrniki was slightly sweet, and kinda tasted like cheese too. Canada shoveled in the syrniki, since Russia wasn't that bad of a cook, at least not like UK. his father clung to routine, and he liked his toast way to burnt, Canada could smell it every morning when staying with him.

"We gonna grab my shit? And Hudson, my lovely little beaver?" Canada said around a mouthful of syrniki.

"Yes, and your beaver is not lovely, he's violent, he's not little, he is fat but get ready, you're still wearing your pajamas."

"The only thing I'm classing as pajamas is your shirt, so I'm basically half dressed. And you're gonna fucking apologise to Hudson since hes not fat."

"Change your clothes, throw on another shirt, have a shower. Be *clean*." Russia lifted up Canada shirt on his side and rubbed gently. *Oh shit*, that's so nice, he needs to do that *more*.

"Give me a nice shirt then, I don't want to wear my turtleneck. It's still messy." Canada set the plate down, bouncing his leg. Russia very calmly and *infuriatingly* put his hand on Canada's thigh to stop it bouncing. Canada had some mixed feelings, since Russia's hand was nice, Russia's body was nice. *Aaaand* now he's thinking of sex, great gotta love that.

Canada had changed into Russia's shirt, it was oversized and smelled like Russia's cologne, which was good. Since Canada would smell the taste of bitter pills in his mouth and almost felt like vomiting.

The way to Canada's place was long and boring, Canada fell asleep almost right away. The flight was long and Russia drives like a lunatic, Canada had never wanted more to bitch slap someone more and USA is just down south of him.

"I don't understand why you live in such a big house." Russia parked, and Canada sighed loudly. "The provinces and territories grew up there, and it's where I spent most of my time not dealing with politics but close enough to parliament that no one does anything stupid without me filming." Russia nodded like he definitely understood, Canada assumed he didn't.

The house was large, brick, and a mix of UK and France's taste in decor, Canada only managed to change a few things up before he gave up.

The dining room had fourteen chairs, and in the hallway hung photos of all the provinces and territories. The house had way too many rooms, and Canada let the ones no one used collect dust, if you want space, then you're gonna sit on the dusty couch in the library.

Canada attempted to show Russia around, pointing at rooms and saying their names and its general use. Since Russia was surprisingly uncultured in the ways of wealth, then again USSR was his father, so one couldn't expect much understanding in anything "indulgent". Russia sat in silence as Canada packed a duffel bag full of clothes and other essentials, Canada also made sure to very pointedly put maple syrup in as well.

"Okay we're going to go now?" Russia stood and stretched, Canada was already standing with the duffel bag at his feet.

"Could we stay here? Wouldn't this place be better for me?" Canada batted his metaphorical eyelashes, since he had yet to find his mascara. "That'll defeat the idea of nobody bothering you," Russia

grabbed the duffel bag and slung it over shoulder. "Now come on."

"No."

"No? Canada please."

"You're begging now? Cute."

Russia sighed, and started walking past Canada. "I'll be in the car-" Canada interrupted him by yanking his grey turtle neck and onto the bed. Canada wrapped his legs around Russia's waist and slid the duffel bag off his shoulder, it landed with a thump. "Why don't we stay here for a little while?" Canada smiled, taking off Russia's ever present uskanka and smoothing down his hair. Russia looked beautifully dumbfounded.

"Tomorrow we get Hudson, and maybe go back to your place. 'Kay?" Russia nodded, which was surprising. "You want me to kiss you too?" he asked quietly. Okay, that's suspicious. Russia rarely ever asks if he wants it.

"Kiss me like you mean it, love me. And only me." Canada smiled, hands cupping Russia's jaw, his two pointer fingers squeezing just lightly enough behind Russia's ears. Canada smiled as Russia winced.

Canada hated how Russia acted like he was too good for sex, that man is too good *at* sex. It's unnatural. Russia kissed him, and he definitely kissed back. Canada rolled them over, Russia's back hitting the mattress with a thud. Canada sat on his chest, hands on either side of Russia's face. "How far do you want to go?" Russia kissed Canada again, deeper this time, Canada was going to assume Russia meant pretty far. Russia tugged at his shirt, pulling it up and over Canada's raised arms, they both know the deal, they've done it more than Canada would like to admit. Canada had his tongue in Russia's mouth, pushing him back fully onto the mattress. Russia had his hands on Canada's back, pulling him closer. Canada's lips moved from Russia's lips, down his cheek, and then to his neck, sucking enough to make Russia groan.

Canada let out a strangled gasp as Russia flipped himself and

Canada to the center of the bed, Russia now on top. Canada's eyes were wide, he shouldn't be surprised. Russia topping is normal, but Canada was enjoying having Russia pinned for once. He sighed inwardly, and reached for the hem of Russia's grey turtle neck. "Take off your jacket first, stay a while." he muttered, and Russia shrugged off his jacket and tossed it on the floor quicker than Canada expected. He grinned and lifted the grey turtle neck, making sure to take the tank top with it; kissing Russia's skin as he did so. Russia lifted his arms letting the turtle neck slid off. Russia took it from Canada's hands and tossed it behind him. What a gentleman, suddenly so chivalrous.

Russia pulled Canada flush against him, kissing his neck as Canada wrapped his arms around his neck. Canada tilted his head back, exposing more, hands threading through Russia's hair now.

Canada's back pressed against the cool sheets, hands on Russia's back, digging in as Russia bit down on his neck. His hands slid lower, finding the edge of Russia's pants, undoing the button, then unzipping it. Canada started to slide the pants off, watching Russia smirk as he did so. Then Russia's phone rang, the sound splitting through the moment, startling them both.

Canada stopped, and watched Russia grab his phone. "Who is it?" Canada asked, trying to look over Russia's shoulder as he answered the phone. Russia didn't answer him. Canada strained to hear the caller on the other end, but it was useless. So Canada just waited for Russia to finish.

"Nyet. Listen-"

Russia went silent, tense.

"Okay, but I'm busy- oh my goodness. LISTEN."

Canada bit his lip to keep from laughing, this was quite entertaining. Russia remained silent for the rest of the talk, merely murmuring a uh huh, every now and again.

"Okay *bye." Russia snapped.*

Russia tossed the phone somewhere on the floor, and flopped back onto the bed. Canada crawled over to where he was and flopped across him. "Who was it?" He asked, his hand running in lazy circles across Russia's chest. "It doesn't matter." Russia grumbled in reply, hand threading though Canada's hair slowly.

"Do you want to continue?"

"Nyet."

"Mmm 'kay. Tired?"

"Something like that." Russia sighed, long and loud. Canada smiled faintly, grabbing Russia's hand and threading his own fingers through his. "Want to have a nap?" Canada asked, Russia nodded and Canada grabbed a blanket from somewhere and tossed it over them, snuggling against Russia as he did so.

Just as Canada started to drift off, *she* woke up. ***"Oh little mapleeee, what did I miss?'*** Her voice sounded like nails against a chalkboard and Canada hated it. So he instead pictured all the spicy images of Russia, knowing the wendigo found queerness odd. He supposed one could expect when considering she was probably centuries old. ***"Why do you think about such things for so long?"*** *I don't.* Canada thought bitterly, the wendigo usually shut up if he pictured something. ***"You seem tired..."*** Canada ignored her, she was just trying to see how much she could manifest physically. The lights flickered almost on que, for a good solid minute before it stopped, Canada closed his eyes, Russia was already asleep, snoring softly.

As Canada drifted off to sleep the wendigo was practically screaming something, it was nothing important, the wendigo liked to be annoying.

Day two

Authors note: I dunno, I hope you like it and comment any constructive criticism you might have doodle I made, sorry about the bad picture, shitty laptop.

[image]

Canada woke up to the sun in his eyes, and Russia nearly on top of him, arms wrapped tight around him like he was some *doll.*

He frowned, slipping out of Russia's death grab and reached for where his phone always sits. "Oh wait, I broke my phone." from that night, he didn't mean to smash, he just did. He wanted to laugh at his dumbness, but didn't want to wake Russia. Canada sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing his face. He noticed the clothes still strewn around the floor and frowned. He stared at the spot where his phone used to live, now just a blank stretch of nightstand.

He sighed theatrically loud, standing and grabbing a turtle neck from a drawer since it was finally his place, and slipping it on, not bothering to worry about the chest cut out, it was shaped like a maple leaf, Canada didn't know when he bought it, but he bought when he was drunk and bored. He threw on a flannel sweater and did it up fully, he'd rather avoid getting lectured by UK for wearing this. He would go to UK's get Hudson, come back and bug Russia.

Canada had to admit he kinda felt bad for leaving Hudson alone all the time, but he wanted him cared for while he was busy. If he was dead, Hudson can't get fed and he can't have that, and France and UK were trustworthy, though Canada found it was hard to explain why he left Hudson with them to either of them.

(I have no idea where the countries live or how they get there, so sorry if it makes no sense, I'm trying)

UK's house should really be called more of a castle, stone, iron

wrought gate standing tall, covered in vines that zigzag around the place. Then of course there were the CLOCKS.

UK had a hobby of collecting them, of all sorts, the basement was where he kept the ones he didn't have on display. Canada hated it because down there it sounds like hell to a sane person and bliss to his father.

He knocked slowly, hearing the quick tap of UK's cane before the door finally opened and there stood UK, one blue eye staring at him sharply through the monocle. "You are here for Hudson?" UK eyed his son up and down, taking in the bedraggled appearance. "You should brush your hair more and keep it out of your eyes." UK snipped before Canada even got to nod. "I just have a lot of hair." Canada muttered, feeling like a child under UK's stare. UK nodded slowly, clearly thinking the answer he gave was foolish, then swiftly walked away, cane tapping in rhythm.

UK's manor had a constant ticking noise, it was the clocks, there were at least four in the living room, two in the kitchen, and a grandfather clock in the hallway. Hudson was in the living room, chewing on an umbrella that he'd clearly dragged from the mud room. UK frowned, his one blue eye narrowing in judgement. Canada wished he could snatch Hudson up and hide from UK's judgemental glare. Canada honestly had no idea why he let UK watch Hudson. France made Hudson fat, UK made Hudson anxious. Canada might've taken Hudson to Russia's place but Hudson is like Canada when adjusting to different places: nervous and quick to temper. So it made sense for Hudson to stay with one of them, then after Canada adjusts he can come back and everything should be fine.

"Who are you talking to?- oh him." oh great. She's awake, let's see what new insult she'll call UK.

"We are going into cuckoo land, the man living here is off his rocker." girl stop. "Canada." UK glanced at him, then at Hudson. Canada rolled his eyes once UK couldn't see. "Hi, Hudson," Canada said as he sat beside Hudson who was losing focus on the umbrella. "Did you miss me?" Canada asked softly, Hudson climbed up into Canada's lap. Canada wrapped his arms around his beaver and

stood. Hudson snuggled against his chest, chittering softly. "Thank you for watching him." Canada said quietly. UK gave a curt nod, cane tapping once against the floor. The clocks ticked on, relentless, as the Wendigo whispered in the back of Canada's mind, "***You'll never escape the madness here. You are just as crazy as him, only you try to die and he talks to clocks."*** Canada let out a shaky breath, UK was already waiting for him to leave. He walked quickly, giving the UK a quick side hug and rushing out the door, Hudson chittering and wiggling around. "Calm down Hudson." Canada said quietly, he felt like he was trying to deal with a baby. Hudson is his baby, the only one who really cares about him anymore. His provinces and territories sure are busy with themselves, and by busy he means arguing and complaining.

By the time he got back to his place Russia was up and scrolling on his own phone. "Hello baby." Canada said as he walked into the bedroom, Russia raised an eyebrow at his pet name. "Baby? Nyet, don't call me that." Canada rolls his eyes. "Okaaaay, how about Rus?" he asked. "You've been calling me Rus, and yes. Use it." Russia made a few random gestures, then nodded. Canada nodded too. "Could I call you a pet name?" Russia asks. Canada blinked. "Sure, what do you think would be good?"

"Candy. It would suit you." Russia replied. "Candy? Why Candy exactly?" Canada asked, petting Hudson's fur. "Because you are a delicious piece of eye candy. I could look at you all day." Russia smirked, Canada went beet red. "Since when do you flirt? But Candy seems nice." he muttered.

"When are we leaving, you said one day." Russia asked, standing and stretching, and stuffing his phone into his pokect. "Way to ruin the moment!" Canada snapped. Russia brushed past him, picking up the duffel bag. "You can get a phone on the way back to my place." Canada trudged after Russia, Hudson tucked under one arm, the duffel bag swinging from Russia's grip. The morning air bit at his cheeks, and he wished the warmth of Russia's teasing hadn't vanished so quickly.

"You really ruined the moment," Canada muttered, half sulking.

Russia glanced back, smirk tugging at his lips. "Moments are

fleeting. Candy is not."

Canada's face went hot again, and Hudson chittered as if laughing at him. The Wendigo's whisper stirred faintly. *"**Candy melts. Candy rots.**"* Canada tightened his hold on Hudson, trying to ignore her. Russia slowed his stride, brushing Canada's shoulder as they walked. "You blush too much," he said softly. "It makes me want to keep you close." Canada laughed softly, then coughed once. "We'll buy me a phone, right? Then I can look at memes and hockey highlights." Canada smiled, getting oddly excited and in the mood to do something stupid.

"My my, you are a mess, if only you didn't rely on stupid technology, that's what is causing this." the Wendigo drawled, Canada was starting to think the Wendigo was old fashioned and ugly too. ***"I am NOT UGLY!"*** she snarled, her voice turning into winds screaming through trees. ***"You are so UNGRATEFUL, I keep YOU ALIVE."*** Canada tried to tune her out, opening the car door and slumping into the passenger seat, but her voice rang crystal clear. ***"You need to think! You- you are FOOLISH."*** Canada realised then the Wendigo was just mad and was trying to belittle him, she seemed like a toxic parent. ***"YOU were the one to stay with me,"*** She snapped. Then her voice softened with the type of nostalgia that made Canada grimace ***"you were such a precious child. Stayed with me in the woods and listened to my stories, oh how I miss that version of you. If only you listened to me and did what I asked, we could be mother and son."*** She rambled on, her voice sweet.

Day three

note: swearing, canada's childhood. enjoy.

The fluorescent lights hummed softly as Canada and Russia stepped into the phone shop. Rows of shiny displays greeted them, each screen looping the same promotional video. A cheerful clerk approached with a practised smile.

"Dropped it?" the clerk asked, glancing at the expression Russia had and the look of confusion in Canada's. "Yep, something like that." He muttered.

The clerk chuckled and pulled out a box. "Happens more than you'd think. Let's get you set up with something new."

The clerk explained the payment options: full price, monthly installments. Canada signed the papers, slid his card across the counter, and watched as the clerk handed him a fresh device. The screen lit up, flawless and bright. He turned it over in his hands, with full intentions of getting a phone case that made him look gay.

Minutes later, the clerk took the phone and Canada watched as the clerk placed the new phone into a neat little box. He smiled, The clerk handed over the neat little box, and Canada tucked it under his arm. As they stepped back into the mall's annoying bustle. "There you go, you got the phone, now let's go." Russia guided Canada towards the exit with a hand on Canada's back. Canada shifted the box under his arm, already buzzing with ideas. "I want a case that screams me," he muttered, scanning the kiosk lined with glittery covers and all sorts of designs. Russia raised an eyebrow. "Screams you? Candy, you are already loud enough." Canada laughed, cheeks warming. "Maple leaf? Hockey? Maybe plaid. Or... sparkles." He tugged Russia toward the display, Hudson wriggling against his chest like he wanted to pick one too.

"Sparkles, or red and white?" Canada asked Russia, Hudson wriggled around his arms, teeth snapping toward a blue one.

"Black." Muttered Russia, Canada rolled his eyes. ***"Get a blood red one. Get one that feels like human flessh."*** The wendigo cawed in delight once she saw a red one that looked like it was covered in blood. NO. Canada snapped back in his mind, reaching for a pink one. ***"Get the black shimmery one."*** The Wendigo made a clicking noise with her tongue. Canada held the pink case up to the light, turning it so the shimmer caught his eye. "This one feels right," he said softly, ignoring the Wendigo's clicking tongue in the back of his mind. Hudson squirmed harder, snapping at the blue case until Canada laughed. "Okay, okay, maybe Hudson gets a say too." He pressed the pink case against Hudson's nose, who chittered and tried to eat it.

Russia smirked faintly. "Even your beaver thinks you are ridiculous." Canada stuck his tongue out at him, cheeks warm. "Ridiculous is better than boring." He tucked the shimmery case into the bag with his new phone, bouncing Hudson like a baby until the beaver calmed down. The Wendigo's whisper slithered again: ***"Pink rots. Pink melts. Red is truth. Red is blood."***

Who even says anything like that?! Do you even hear yourself?! Canada screamed in his mind. God She was so old! ***"I'm not old!"*** Canada's grip tightened on Hudson, rocking him gently. "No," he muttered under his breath, "Hudson likes pink. I like pink."

Russia glanced at him, eyebrow raised. "Talking to yourself again, Candy?" Canada forced a smile, stroking Hudson's fur. "Just... thinking out loud." They stepped back into the mall's bustle, Canada clutching Hudson close, the box tucked under his arm. Russia's hand pressed firm against his back, steadying him as the Wendigo's voice hissed in the corners of his mind.

"I cannot fucking take you seriously when you have the pink phonecase visible." Canada watched Russia try not to laugh, then keep laughing. "It's just pink." Canada muttered, Russia nodded, but still, he kept laughing. "Stop laughing!" "I'm trying." Russia wheezed. Canada groaned. "No you're not." He kicked Russia's shoulder, since Russia was rolling around on the floor, laughing.

"Why is this funny? What is funny about this? Why is he laughing? What human finds this funny? Isthis type of humour common

today now?" the wendigo sounded more confused than normal. Canada almost found it funny, but he knew she'd probably need someone to explain it to her later, and it would have to be him. ***"This is not funny, funny is someone failing to do something, he is laughing at pink phonecase. Why do you love someone who laughs at pink phonecase."*** She was being judgy for no reason thought Canada bitterly. He wondered why she was so talktative today, she has no special reason. Canada wondered if she was going to try and talk about the past, he hated the past in all honesty, especially when he a kid, since yea, all that who gets custody of him bullshit. Then the wendigo popped into his life, all the adults in his life thought she was imaginary friend. Canada knew she was real, since he'd watch her through the window. Now that he thought about it, She would stalk him a lot, she'd find where he was and watch him through the window. It was the weird protection, and she was also the reason he'd wandered away at night with her. She also insisted she was his mum. Canada had realized once he was an adult she was trying to adopt him her way, but failed. So she slithered her way into his conscious somehow, her physical form could be destroyed and the only thing left of her is her voice, there isn't really a way of telling. Canada clutched Hudson tighter, all this trying to figure out what she was and how and when and why made his head hurt. She could tell him most answers, but hasn't so yea.

"Russia, you wanna have sex?" Canada asked, Russia stopped laughing to look at him. ***"Oh my, I'll have to listen to that, oh I hate how you make the bed creak, I can never sleep with all the racket you two make!"*** Canada did not how to answer that complaint. He knew she could hear and see them, but he didn't know she probably watched. ***"Don't put it like that, you make me sound like a pervert, or a child watcher."*** you would watch me through the window when I was a child he deadpanned back to her in his mind. ***"That's different, I end up having to watch you two make... love, and it's mentally scaring."*** Canada rolled his eyes and turned his full attention on Russia. "Do you want to have sex?" He asked again. Russia nodded, but only kinda, not good enough to make it feel right. "If don't want to, just say so. Consent is consent." Russia nodded. "Well, I would love too, but I'm not in the mood." Canada nodded his head violently. "Okay, I respect that, all good. Could I kiss you cheek though?" Russia stood. "Of course, want to

have a nap?"

"Yea, I'd love a nap. Come on." Canada stood up with Hudson in his arms like a baby, and waited for Russia to stand up as well. Russia stood up like an old man, groaning like he'd been on the earth a long time.

The bed was comfortable, with an abundance of blankets. Canada settled on his side that somehow just has always been his side. Russia flopped down beside him and pulled Canada close. Hudson made an outraged beaver noise from being squished in between them.

some drawings and scenes

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Hey y'all, I'm hoping you like mediocre art and so I'd thought I'd change this unfortunate part to some drawings and some scenes in other WIPs have going! To be nice!
Now, for the hopefully more appealing part. If any of you lovely doves have any ideas, whether it be a story, a ship, a design, WHATEVER. feel free to write it in the comments. So I can maybe include it in this story once I unpause it, or in a new story. GUYS SERIOUSLY, GIVE ME IDEAS, I LOVE SEEING THEM.

*these are done in my sketchbook, not digitally, and my laptop is not good at photos, I changed the filters to try to make it more visible.(one digital collage thingy)

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Hehe, random RusCan doodle:)

Italy (idk,I was looking at statues)

Hetalia:)

Now some scenes from WIPs. Since I don't really plan and kinda just write scenes then combine and fill in blanks, so yeaaa, here they are!
H

ere's a scene from my WIP I titled Wilted Sunflowers
It's really only a draft, but I'm hoping I'll get it done and then can put it on Wattpad. It's ww2, historically accurate(but still countryhumans of course) and it's about the eastern front. I have two types of the story. The *Wilted Sunflowers* and *Wilted Sunflowers(death AU)*
I hope you like it, a very small piece, but one of my newest:)

Liliana gaped at Pavel.
“Where's your shirt?"
He shrugged, his hollow broad shoulders bare in the cold.
Liliana blinked, brows furrowing in worry. “Here," she pulled the blanket off her shoulders and wrapped it around his, forcing his hands to hold it, “stay warm."
He nodded slowly. Liliana still frowned, he lacked clothes, and didn't care about modesty. Liliana usually wouldn't have cared, but eventually a little boy forgetting to wear a shirt got irritating. Must've driven his mother mad.
"What happened?”
Pavel narrowed his eyes. Liliana rolled her eyes.
"What did he do to you? We agreed you'd tell me.”
"I'm tired.”
"You're not allowed to break the agreement, I gave you bread for it."
Pavel crossed his arms, dropping the blanket. Liliana picked the blanket and crossed her arms. “We are not doing this."
Pavel turned his back. Liliana groaned. They were doing this then.

Now, here's two scene from my WIP *Red, Round, Glasses*
It's about Italy during WW2, historically accurate(but again still countryhumans). I hope you like it, I want to post it on Wattpad eventually:)

Ernesto gaped at his Padre. “Berlin!?"
His Padre let out an awkward laugh that didn't fit his body. “You mustn't screech, you will have your friends Otto and such."
“Why can't they come here? It's warmer!"

Different scene

Anne-Marie, Otto walked on either side of Ernesto, Berlin was gray, and boring, they dragged him around, dragged him away from

things, and only answered the questions they wanted to.
"Why's that bench yellow?"
“Because it is."
“Why?"
“Because it can be.”
Ernesto tilted his head, but Anne-Marie was already dragging him away, talking to Otto about the Autobahn and all things boring that have to do with engines and going fast and again, boring stuff.
"What's that say?"
"Nothing.”
"Who are those men with the-”
"Come along!”
Anne-Marie walked ahead, while Otto walked beside Ernesto, yet Otto and Anne-Marie talked a lot while Ernesto just looked around. He wondered if it would be okay to tell them this was boring and wanted to go swimming. In the ocean, not a swimming pool.
"Can we go to the pictures?" Ernesto asked.
Otto shrugged. “Sure, I don't have any- Anne-Marie run home and get some change for it."
Anne-Marie nodded slowly, pulling her attention from a poster and towards Otto. “What."
“Go get money from vater so we can go to the pictures.”
"Okay, don't leave this place though, I'm not going to look or if you do."
“Fine, just go."
Anne-Marie rolled her eyes but rushed off anyway, weaving between people, cars, and buildings.
"She's fast.” Ernesto said, glancing at Otto and then at where Anne-Marie was before she ducked out of sight.
Otto shrugged. “She likes running, and climbing. She likes it more than gymnastics, but gymnastics makes it easier to climb. She's good at climbing buildings."
“You do have some big buildings."
“Ja, she loves finding short cuts and stuff."
“What are some shortcuts?”
"Oh, I don't know, there's an alley that's quicker than the normal route when we need to go to school.”
"That's cool.”
"Thanks."
“Why's it so gloomy here?"

Otto narrowed his eyes. “It's not."
“It is."
“No, it's not."
"Yes.”
"No.”
"*Yes*.”
"*No*.”
"It's not warm like Italy.”
“*So?*"

Day 6

"Russia, go away, I just want to lie in bed." Canada groaned, his back towards Russia. "Come on, get up, you need to move a little." He poked Canada's shoulder blade, Canada curled deeper into the mess of blanket and pillows. "It's the afternoon, you were bed all morning, now come on, get up." Russia pulled at Canada's arm.

"NO." Canada protested loudly. Russia stepped back, hands on his hips. "Get. Up." He said, glaring. "Make me." Canada snapped back.

Russia sighed. "You made this happen." And wrapped his arms around Canada's waist and lifted him clean off the bed. "HEY, put me down!"

"We are going to do something, you can't bed rot all day."

"PUT ME DOWN."

"NO."

Russia carried Canada all the way to the living room, setting him down gently, but also mostly dropping him. Canada tried to look for an exit, but Russia was blocking the way to the bedroom when Canada tried to make a run for it. "Let's go for a walk." Russia said when Canada tried once again to get back to the bedroom. "I don't want to." Canada snapped, Russia rolled his eyes. "Too bad, you need to be healthy and walking is healthy." Canada crossed his arms. "NO, I don't want to."

"You are in no situation to be saying no." Russia muttered, mirroring Canada's crossed arms pose. "You sound like a kidnapper."

"Fucking let's go for a small fucking walk, I have a meeting later and I want to spend time with outside." Russia said, throwing his hands in the air. He wants to spend time with me? Canada thought, actually pretty surprised from how much he's been annoying Russia

he would've thought he wanted him gone, guess not.

"You're being genuine?" Canada eyed Russia for his response. Russia just looked at him like "you be for real?"

"How can I possibly trust you?" Canada asked while looking him up and down, mostly to stall for no reason and because he wondered if Russia had an actual answer. Russia shrugged. "I'm not gonna kill you?"

"That literally does not make me trust you anymore."

"Worth a try." Russia mumbled, like that was actually a decent answer and not just a default answer Russia uses almost all the time.

"I wouldn't count that as trying." Canada muttered under his breath. Russia ignored him, pulling on a coat, and holding Canada's out for him. "Just for a little walk." Russia gave the coat a little shake, Canada wanted to retort with an insult but snatched the coat from Russia and shrugged it on aggressively. "Fine."

Russia let out a sigh of relief, probably enjoying the peace before Canada screamed for Hudson. Who came bounding out of the bathroom with a clatter of claws against the floorboards. "I would've thought you'd leave him." Russia said.

"NO, he's like a service dog, only a beaver." Canada said, getting Hudson's little harness that was old, but Hudson really liked it. "Is he an actual Service animal?" Russia asked. "NO, I stole the harness from a blind person and took a random beaver."

"Really?"

"NO! He is an actual service beaver, and a good one." Canada rolled his yes, Russia was either smart, or was dumber than a toddler who eats crayons. Hudson let out an indignant chitter and then ran to the door and clawed at it. Russia huffed and opened the door, letting Canada go out first. "A walk will be fun." Russia said, giving Canada's shoulder a little pat. To Canada it sounded like Russia was trying to convince himself.

For a while it was quiet, then Russia broke the silence in the worst way possible.

"Can you get pregnant?" He leaned over to whisper it semi-close to Canada's ear. Canada raised an eyebrow. "Excuse me?"

"Can you get preg-" Russia repeated, but Canada cut him off. "I heard you for the first time. But why, and why me?" Russia had a faint blush, his younger age really showed through when he blushed.

"I was just curious, I mean the provinces, and-" Russia stuttered, Canada almost wanted to laugh, because Russia flustered was cute, not in a I wanna fuck him way, but more that giant teddy bear was his way.

"I probably could, if that answers your question. Now mine. Why?" Russia looked away quickly, then looked back, then gave his shoulders a little shake. "I don't know, just I was err- uh.. Curious." He smiled a toothy grin that made him look ridiculous. Canada shrugged.

"From what I know, it's possible, we're countryhumans, not humans. If you read a medical textbook it would tell you." Russia stuck out his tongue at the reading a medical textbook, Canada had to cover his mouth to stifle a laugh.

Russia cleared his throat. "But, do *you* think you could get pregnant?"

"I dunno, the provinces mostly just appeared out of nowhere, and then I raised them and they were already making decisions for themselves," Canada shrugged. "France told me I appeared out of mostly nowhere. But from what I know there's a difference between the birth of a country and getting pregnant with one." Canada looked at Russia to see if he was retaining any of this information, Russia's face didn't look like it.

"You really needed to explain that?" Russia asked, Canada gave him a sharp blow to the ribs with his elbow, Russia yelped. "Yes, because like normal, it doesn't make sense. Biology is pretty

skewed. Really, it's not worth asking." Canada shrugged, sometimes he felt like he had to dumb everything down for Russia. It's annoying honestly. "You seem to know a lot about this." Russia muttered, Canada rolled his eyes. Why is Russia so much dumber in so many ways when he's with Canada? Why can't Russia behave like he does in politics? Only slightly stupid but hiding it behind threats?

"Does this answer any questions?" They both fell silent after that, Canada watched Hudson walk ahead of them.

"You'd be a good father," Russia said out of the blue, Canada blinked, then smirked.

"And *YOU*, Rus, would be an *amazing* MAMAN." Canada said dramatically leaning against Russia. Russia speed walked a few steps ahead.

"That is *not* what I meant." He muttered, hands shoved deep into his pockets. Canada rolled his eyes.

"Then what did you mean? Why on earth would you want kids?" Canada asked. Russia shrugged, mumbled something incoherent and stared intently at Hudson walking through the snow like he owned the place. Canada had to admit it was rare for Russia to drop subjects quickly, let alone drop a subject when he hadn't won the argument. Since he usually won arguments, okay something fishy is going on.

"Is there something you want to tell me?"

"NO."

They walked in forced silence after that, Canada trying to make noise quietly while Russia started intensely at things. Canada decided Russia may as well get an awkward question too.

"What was your childhood like?" Canada asked, Russia blinked at the question, then gave a slow shrug.

"Cold for a lot of it. My sisters were usually a duo and I had to be with USSR." Canada nodded.

"Yea, siblings are like that, NZ and Aussie were usually doing things together and that left me and USA to do dumb shit. But I got plenty of alone time."

Russia fidgeted with his nails, picking at a hang nail. "WW2 was not very fun." Canada raised an eyebrow. Of course it wasn't, almost everyone he knew aside from a few had been involved.

"I'm pretty sure everyone was fucking going through it during WW2, but yeah, you probably got dragged through the mud."

"Literally." Russia muttered, if Canada was drinking something he would've spit it out. He choked on air, and held back a laugh because why was that the saddest "literally" *WHY?*.

"Oh really, what happened?" Canada asked, trying not to laugh because that'd be a little insensitive.

"USSR didn't appreciate me lagging behind so he dragged me through the mud. I was like 10, I mean hey, I didn't have to walk, so I'm not complaining." Canada nodded.

"USSR sounds lovely." Canada was lying, USSR was never much fun to be around, even during the hockey season, and poor Russia had to have him as a father.

"When he wasn't hungry or had a migraine yeah. Or drunk." Russia muttered, looking at everything but Canada. He nodded at Russia's talking. "Very true, my father was not very nice when he was drunk. You learn to duck quickly." UK was usually nice, you didn't piss him off, you didn't get noticed, but things changed after the American revolution, things definitely changed.

"So, Rus, what were your sisters like during the war?" Canada hoped for a little bit of something wholesome.

"Ukraine didn't like me, she said I slowed her down. Belarus didn't care, she mostly just spied on everything and followed Ukraine asking to help her." Canada bristled at the mention of Ukraine, since Ukraine was his bestie. And she usually had the gossip.

"What did Ukraine do?" Canada asked, only a little bit of snark

slipping in.

"We were walking towards this forest and it was late, I had to carry Belarus, Ukraine had the rifle, and we stopped in a field to rest. I woke up and they were gone. I wander onto a main road. You'd be surprised how rude certain soldiers can be to a child." First off, Ukraine NEVER mentioned that. This going to be very fucking awkward the next time he sees her.

"I get that a little, not trying to downplay your fucked up childhood, but I didn't get a lot of supervision and that leads to dumb things and dumber consequences," Canada could never compete with Russia, not that he was trying to, but he could get a little bit of it. "Was Belarus at least nice?" Canada asked, Russia made a 'meh' gesture with his hand. "She was quiet, the next time I saw her was when she was covered in blood and Ukraine saying something about 'forgetting the rifle and how the shovel was closest' Belarus was really good at stealing, and yea, USSR never really got her to stop." Canada listened with a wtf face. Belarus was quiet and Ukraine would sometimes try to talk to her, but Ukraine would come blubbering to him about how "her sister never hangs out with her.". Ukraine did once invite Belarus to hang out with them, and Belarus showed up. Belarus was sweet, just a little unpredictable and blunt. But she was nice. A little unnervingly so. Canada nodded.

"Aussie was pretty good at stealing, whenever UK caught him he'd hit Aussie's knuckles with his cane." Canada muttered. They had similar childhoods almost, but Canada's consisted of rules and being all proper and avoiding getting hit with a cane or a glass. Russia's sounded like no rules, threats and survival. Russia gave him a faint nod, Canada watched Hudson waddle in front of him like he was on the runway.

"Can we go back now? I feel like the depressive balls have flown away by now." Canada asked, Russia grunted, which was a yes in his book.

Canada and Russia turned around, Canada had to pick Hudson up to keep him from wandering away. "That was a nice walk." Canada said once they got back to the apartment. "I feel like I don't even

need a therapist." Canada said, eyeing Russia. Russia grunted.

"No, you still have one tomorrow and you're going." Canada deflated a little, the therapist was nice and all, but Canada didn't want to tell a lady his problems. Canada could tell Hudson, Hudson understood it. He *was* there. But Russia was right, the walk was *okay*.

1/2 Day 7

second part will arrive, I've just been really busy with 4-h and school. please enjoy!

Canada was attempting to get ready to go to therapy, he had no choice in the matter from the moment Russia rolled over and kissed him saying he had therapy, Russia had it seared in his mind that Canada had therapy. Canada just wanted to sleep, maybe eat something for once.

Russia knocked on the bedroom door frame, Canada lacked the ability to close doors unless he needed the door closed. "You dressed yet?"

"Yeah, yeah," Canada muttered, pulling a shirt on. "done. Now, behold my hair." Canada smiled at Russia who looked unimpressed. Canada ran a hand through the tangled white strands, wincing once he hit a knot.

"Brush it," Russia said flatly, Canada looked at him expectantly. "I'm not braiding your hair." Russia said flatly, Canada rolled his eyes and huffed.

"Come on, you do such amazing braids."

"It's not my hair." Russia said, crossing his arms since of course he's not backing down from this childish argument.

"Do my fucking hair." Canada snapped, grabbing a blue hair tie and brush and shoving it against Russia's chest. Then he added, "*please*."

Russia grabbed it with a scowl. "Fine."

Canada smirked, about to gloat about winning the argument when Russia grabbed him by the hair and yanked him towards the bed. Canada let out an involuntary sound and Russia only yanked harder. "Ow owowo!" Canada yelped, trying to pry free. "Stop being

kinky!" He snapped.

"You said do your hair."

"Yes, not trying to rip it out of my head, asshole." Canada growled, Russia tapped his foot impatiently while Canada stood running a hand through his hair.

"Sit down or I'm not doing it." Canada stayed where he was before finally sitting between Russia's legs. "Do my hair."

"I am." Russia gathered Canada's hair up, brushing through it, telling Canada to hold still whenever he winced because he pulled too hard. "You can't keep trying to skip your therapy sessions."

"You don't even go to therapy." Canada shot back, since yea sure, *he* misses a few because he feels like shit and it's a big deal but *Russia*, with his multitude of problems that alcohol does not solve acts like he's too good for therapy? Hypocrite! Wait- what does hypocrite mean again?

"A person who pretends to have virtues, moral beliefs, or feelings that they do not actually possess, or whose actions contradict their stated beliefs."

Thanks, I just needed a whole, big ass sentence explaining it.

"You are quite welcome."

"Neither do you, you're *forced* to," Russia muttered.

"Same thing," Canada grumbled, then hissed in pain as Russia pulled again.

"I wish I knew where I put my polar bear polo shirt," Canada muttered, Russia stayed silent. So Canada continued. "It was really nice, y'know, with white and blue polar bears, grey background. I would wear it to meetings if not for the dress code."

Russia didn't know why Canada was telling him this, Canada didn't know why he felt the need to. Russia continued in silence, hands weaving strands in, over, under, Canada didn't really know how to

braid hair.

Russia patted his shoulder after a while. "Done."

Canada shot up, flipping the braid over his shoulder to stare at in the mirror. Russia stayed seated on the edge of the bed, watching Canada admire his handiwork. "'Well?"

"I love it! Thank you, merci!"

Russia didn't react to the praise much, aside from a small smile. Canada kissed his cheek and hugged him, an awkward hug where Russia's head was pressed against Canada's chest, but you couldn't expect much coordination from them.

"Okay, byeee!" Canada called, already running towards the door to drive, barely grabbing the keys.

"Let me drive," Russia said flatly, taking the keys from Canada. Canada looked from the car keys to Russia, then scowled.

"Fine." He muttered, Russia rolled his eyes and went out the door. ***"You don't have to let him boss you around, I thought you were independent and capable of making choices."***

Shut up. Canada snapped back in his mind, getting in the car. Russia stared at him for a moment then focused solely on driving. Canada suddenly did not want to go to therapy. He never did, but he really didn't want to. All because he was ticked off, *holy shit, was the fuck is happeneing to me?* Canada thought, sighing loud enough Russia glanced at him. The Wendigo of course had to comment. ***"Tsk, tsk, tsk.cyou really are a mess, they should really put you in a mental asylum."***

2/2 Day 7

note:sorry about rarely updating, I have finals and I have other WIPs, but I WILL FINISH THIS!(eventually, I'm sorry T0T)

Canada sat focused on an orchid sitting on the window sill, early light filtered through, casting golden hues across everything. Canada and the therapist, the same lady with her stunning heels, pansexual earrings and stockings with holes in them. The silence was loud, with everything Canada refused to say while his mind shifted through calm, practiced responses. Why was this uncomfortable?

"Most likely because she's waiting for you to say something."

Well I don't want to.

"You have no choice, little maple, you'll be fine."

Canada snorted, he most certainly would *not*, there wasn't anything to talk about. So why bother? *What if I just stood up, threw out a diplomatic apology, say a goodbye, and left? Could they stop me?*

"That'll make you look oh so insane, oh so delirious, and oh so untrustworthy."

Her multiple *"oh so"* seemed to drive a nail into his skull with every infuriating word.

"So, how have you been?"

Canada blinked, trying to focus on the therapist again. *Just relax, they can't do anything.*

"That you know of, they love using fine print. Everyone does."

Can you shut up?

"Mmmmmmmmmm... NO."

"Sir?"

Canada shook his head quickly and focused on the much nicer lady's voice. "I've been good. How about you?"

The therapist smiled. "I've been good as well," she looked down at her notes, then back up at him, Canada smiled quickly. "Have you been eating well?"

"Eyeballsssss."

I'm going to gouge out my own eyeballs if you don't shut up.

"I've been eating okay."

"Oh, what exactly? You seem like you'd know good recipes."

Canada nodded blankly. He only really ate when Russia cooked for him, and that was not everyday. "Pancakes for breakfast."

She nodded, Canada nodded back. He rarely felt so anxious, talking to people came naturally. Well, as natural as having to practice a *lot* as a child did. But now, suddenly he felt like every word simply convicting him to a fate he didn't even know about yet. Every word felt *wrong*, maybe he wanted to be straight up and say nothing has changed except he doesn't have the things he needs to do it again. How trying to stop him would be useless.

"Oh, you shouldn't keep on trying. I mean, what do humans all say nowadays?"

Canada let the silence in his head settle as she thought. He half expected her to fall asleep, it has happened before.

"I KNOW!"

Canada winced, but quickly hid it. Having to pretend there was nothing in his head affecting him had become a skill by now. She was a very loud, very screechy, creature.

"That you have support systems and you'll be fine if you just talk."

Canada snorted, maybe that's what they called it. He didn't remember, but it seemed so *stupid* when she said it.

"You're rude." The wendigo snapped, and probably ruffled her rotten flesh, Canada had forgotten what she looked like.

Me? ME? I'm rude?

"Sir?"

Canada's head snapped back up, and he focused his attention solely on the therapist. "Yes?"

She smiled at him, but Canada could tell it was the slightly concerned one, the way it looked she was trying to find a missing puzzle piece. Canada smiled back, sitting a little straighter. Don't give her anything to worry about. "How has it been staying with your friend?"

Canada was a little pleased that she hadn't said boyfriend. Since they weren't dating, that's not how it worked with them. The whole "Russia is in my bed" thing is a hockey season thing, this was just an inconvenience.

Canada gave a cheerful smile. The wendigo scoffed in his head. "Oh it's been wonderful, he makes great food."

"Most of the time."

Shut. Up.

The therapist smiled. "And what do you two do?"

He shrugged. "We go on walks a lot, and sit around."

"You forgot those other, absolutely vile ones."

Can you shut up for a bloody second?

"No, no, not my job to shut up."

You're fucking unemployed, oh my god!

The therapist smiled back at him, Canada wondered if he had been making a weird face. Y'know how it is, sometimes the conversation in your head comes out a little.

Canada tried to focus on the therapist yet again, only to realize he had made them sit in silence. He must look insane, he must look utterly insane.

The wendigo hummed ***"you look like you're listening to my voice, or 'the voices' as you love to say, but only me! Me, me, ME!"***

Canada folded his hands neatly to hide the way his torn fingernails dug into his skin. He had lost track of the conversation by now, but he had to say something, he may *sound* insane, but he wasn't really.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night."

I swear to god I'm gonna end it.

"HAHAHA and you said you weren't suicidal, HAHAHaaha....ahahah, little maple, oh you are hilarious."

Canada was going to reply, retort back at the wendigo's absolutely ugly laughing when the therapist interjected. "Have you been getting enough sleep?"

Canada nodded quickly. "Oh yes, though I get a little hot at night, must be allllll the blankets."

"And Russia practically sleeping atop of you, furnace. It's truly uncomfortable."

Not everyone is scared of heat unlike you. Canada snapped back at her, he received a *hmph.*

Just keep talking, just keep talking. Canada thought to himself, the wendigo snorted.

"Never been your strong suit! HA!"

"I sleep a lot, and so does Russia," Canada picked at his braid to avoid looking at the therapist, who was probably judging him. "but

I don't sleep until noon, but he does sometimes. Funny right?"

She nodded. "Yes. And you stay in bed a lot, just... doing anything?"

Canada shrugged. "Well, not doing nothing," he gestured uselessly, whatever makes him sound normal. "I read, and I go on my phone, not do doomscroll, of course not, but y'know."

"I don't think she knows."

SHUT UP.

The therapist opened her mouth to speak, but Canada cut her off. "Are we almost done? I forgot to feed Hudson."

"That is a decent lie, good job little maple."

Thanks. Canada though miserably. The therapist smiled at him. "Hudson? Could you tell me about him?"

No. ***"yea, don't, Hudson is not hers."***

"Sure."

"Oh so we're just going to do something completely different now are we?! SERIOUSLY! STICK TO ONE THING AT A TIME."

Canada winced, but still forced himself to smile. "He's a little fat, and he's fluffy, and he eats carrots because, y'know, I give them as a treat, and at home, he has a really nice dog bed. But here he sleeps in a sink-" he looked at the therapist. "Too much?" he asked cautiously

She shook her head. "No, no, keep going."

Canada nodded hesitantly. "He also likes apples, and aspen sticks, and one time I was in just, y'know *a pool*-

"Nothing wrong with trying to drown."

"-and Hudson jumped on, and we, y'know, just had, like, fun swimming and it was fun, really fun."

Canada smiled faintly, focused on the way the golden hues cut lines though the dark carpet looked like the way the sun did underneath the water.

The therapist nodded. "That sounds lovely."

"It is." Canada looked up, happy, but also trying to look happy, and excited. "Can I go now? To make sure Hudson is fed? I mean, I ended on a happy note."

Canada stood before she could protest and waited patiently for the therapist to slowly rise out of the chair. She smiled and Canada smiled back. "Bye, and make sure to eat. An empty stomach rarely leaves a happy one."

Canada nodded. "Of course, I will. Thank you."

"You don't need to thank her."

But I will.

Canada quickly turned swiftly on his heels and left, rushing towards the door before anything else. Russia was probably doing something stupid while waiting for him anyways.

Russia was on his phone in the car, paying no attention to Canada as he yanked open the passenger door and collapsed inside. "Drive. I want to go." he muttered, poking Russia's shoulder roughly.

Russia finally looked up. "How was it?"

"I think you were looking a bit crazy, but-" the wendigo clicked her tongue mockingly. ***"- I doubt anyone would look too deep, I mean it's YOU, and no one cares about YOU."***

Canada smiled, crossing his arms over his chest. "It was okay, she said I need to eat more."

Russia nodded, turning the key in the ignition and putting it in gear. "Then you will."

"Yuupp," Canada muttered, already exhausted, "of course."

"You won't."

Yup, Canada thought gloomily. *Fuck my life.*

Day 18 1/2

I changed China's gender, China's a lady now.

"Russia! Open up! You told me we'd go to the meeting together!" Canada blinked at the sound of China's voice, and then realized Russia was nowhere near ready, nor awake. "Russia! Wake up! It's the afternoon, how are you still asleep?" Canada flicked his forehead, internally panicking, externally ready to ruin Russia's morning- or well, afternoon since he sleeps forever.

"It's so annoying, truly, it needs to stop."

Canada ignored her, instead focusing on Russia and continuously flicking him."Mmm, what?" Russia muttered, swatting at Canada's hand.

"China's here." Canada hissed, Russia snapped up.

"Oh shit, uhm.. Hide."

"Hide? Why?" Canada could hear China opening the door, he could assume China probably had a key to Russia's place, China has keys to everything for no reason. "Just hide in the closet, I need to get dressed." Russia muttered, Canada sighed.

*So unhelp- **"SO UTTERLY UNHELPFUL."***

Thanks for having my back, Canada thought bitterly. Flopping off the bed and onto the floor. He flung the door open, shot Russia a glare and collapsed into the pile of clothes and boxes while Russia slammed the door shut as China walked in.

"Russia. Are you ready yet?" China's voice was loud and clear, annoyed.

"Yes. *No.* Let me get dressed."

"It's two in the fucking afternoon and you've been asleep." China

was definitely mad, Canada might get to witness these two arguing, that'd be entertaining.

"It was a long night and I was tired." Russia snapped. Canada rolled his eyes, *every night was a long to him.*

"EXACTLY!"

You are not helping.

"Tired or not, we have a meeting, get up, you useless dickhead." China snapped back.

Russia snorted. "I'm not useless." Canada again, rolled his eyes, because, again, Russia proves that everywhere else he is smart and then with certain people he's a complete idiot.

"You could always tie him to railway tracks."

Canada snorted, *thanks for the suggestion.*

"No, seriously, DO IT."

China slammed the door swiftly. She either slammed doors or watched through them. Canada sighed loudly, guess he was so busy arguing with her he didn't get to hear their conversation.

Canada kicked the closet door open. "I honestly thought she'd catch us. Well me. No, non, us."

Russia went riffling through his drawers. "Mm yep." Canada raised an eyebrow. "You're not gonna act the least bit happy? You're terrified of her, ehh bud?"

"No." Russia snapped.

Okay why is he being so grumpy? Canada kinda wanted to kick him, since Canada was actually feeling okay, but Russia's mood was ruining it. And now Canada sounds just like fucking USA and his little tantraums. Canada wanted to complain dramatically, and that didn't make him happy, and what the fuck is he talking about?

"UGHHHHHH, what's got your kicker in a knot?" Canada groaned, "grumpy just because she interrupted your wittle nap time?"

"This is why nothing ever gets done anymore," Canada can't focus with her focus *and* Russia is just existing so wrongly right now and- ***"little maple, you must calm down, you're making it hard to sleep."*** The Wendigo cawed.

Too bad! Canada snapped in his mind, the Wendigo made a snoring sound.

"Do you have meetings today? NATO perhaps?" Russia asked, tying a tie with enough aggression that Canada thought Russia would accidently strangle himself with it.

"Yea, but you said I was supposed to stay here and rest, right?" Canada snapped his fingers quietly, mostly to make noise.

"Oh fine. Just do something, depressive lump." Russia muttered and stormed out. "You forgot your ushanka!" Canada called after him.

"I don't need it!" Russia screamed back, then quickly fell silent in a way that told Canada China was probably within earshot.

"Did someone say flesh?" the Wendigo woke up with a shrill, Canada already felt the headache starting.

NO. literally not at all. Canada screamed into his own mind. The Wendigo let out a snarky noise. ***"Fine, deny me any decent food."*** A rotting corpse isn't decent food! Pancakes are! Maple syrup is! Poutine is awesome! Not flesh and blood and guts! Canada screamed most of it in his head, maybe a little out loud.

Canada slumped out of bed and went to the kitchen, ate nothing, and set out a bowl for Hudson who was probably hiding in the bathroom sink. Canada didn't quite know why Hudson liked sleeping in the sink here, since back home, Hudson slept in a dog bed.

Canada hopped onto the couch and went on his phone for the next two hours. He did things while Russia was asleep, he hadn't really slept in two days, his mind wouldn't let him. Hudson was acting

odd, sometimes he's calm, sometimes he's agitated. Canada was looking for any other signs that he needed a vet, because he didn't want to waste a vet's time, plus Hudson hates the vet's. Hudson was a very emotional beaver.

Canada didn't fully know why he felt so tired, and so upset. He's managed to go nearly five days without sleep, but that was when he was younger and he thought that would get him somewhere, it didn't. UK just called him out on how useless he had been after the second day of no sleep. Now he had no sleep for two days, and UK isn't here to tell him he's being stupid for not sleeping. But he was high on adrenaline, and maybe morphine, whatever he needed for the pain that he could've sworn he didn't have. His shoulder healed quickly, but it was just a dislocated one, he dislocated it a lot anyways. Practically fine. His nose might've bruised real bad, but it was not broken surprisingly.

The only high he's been getting is maybe horny, not even. He tries to initiate something, but suddenly his whole mind stops working and he just feels mad, Russia usually just tells him "NO. I'M BUSY." Which Canada listens to because he might be into a lot of physical contact, but if it's forced it's not the same. *Duh.* Russia can be annoying anyways, and Russia's bad moods will rub off on him, but Russia isn't usually so insufferable. Something's different. Russia acts like a boy playing grown up in father's clothes and Russia is just pissing him off.

"Someone's mad."

Are you kidding me right now.

"I don't recall making a joke."

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

Maybe it's because he hasn't had a full relapse, maybe it's because of that night, maybe he's going through an out of whack day. Maybe he hates being alone so much because being alone with bad ideas caused so many fucking problems. Canada also kinda wished he could cuddle with Russia and have Hudson against his chest because Hudson is a living heating pad and his baby he was kinda

planning on sticking a bow on.

"You are horrendous, do you need someone to teach you how to finish a complete thought?" Wendigo asked mockingly.

Canada groaned. "Go away." He muttered out loud.

"I can see why he's calling you depressive, just look at your ugly thoughts." the Wendigo snorted, it sounded like someone was choking on a piece of wood that splinters and sticks to your tongue.

Canada sat up slowly, he might as well have a sleeping pill, since Russia would be gone a while, the Wendigo can't bug him in sleep unless he dreamed up a nightmare hiding behind pastels and, hey, maybe he'll feel better.

Hudson can do whatever beavers do when no one's looking at them.

The Wendigo, of course, noticed. ***"NO. NO. Do not, I want to talk to you, little maple."***

Canada ignored her and flopped face first onto the couch, tossing his phone onto the coffee table. The Wendigo was quiet for a minute then let out a blood curdling scream that sounded like a banshee if it was fueled by the wind. Canada did want to cry, but that was not really worth it. Her screaming to get attention was normal. Crying meant staying awake longer. The Wendigo continued screaming, *somehow.*

"Stop. like no one cares."

"I am not the one crying over a little noise, am I? Goodness, you used to be able to listen to me talk, when you were little and so so senseless. You really need a mother that listens. Like me." The Wendigo talked so sweetly for something that had just been screaming like wind through the trees.

"Stop." Canada muttered, like that *would* stop her and the tears that stung his eyes.

"Look who's crying."

"I'm not crying." Canada blubbered, tears *were* running down his face, he *was* upset, and the sleeping pills kicked in slowly, but surely.

Hopefully no dreams she'd try to pry into. But you never really could hope too much with her around.

***

Russia stumbled in from the meeting, tired, exhausted and wanting more sleep. Belarus and China were arguing about plants(no clue either). North Korea showed up for once in a decade and immediately said Russia looked filthy and that he needed a shower. Russia wanted to headlock that small little bitch but China was watching and he'd rather not get a lecture. Russia turned a corner into the living room to see Canada was asleep. Which is wonderful, since Canada seemed tired. He always was, it was only slightly annoying. Russia wondered if he should move Canada to the bedroom.

Yeah, Canada probably won't wake up. Hudson is probably eating a pencil so Russia will hopefully not see beady little beaver eyes watching him. Hudson is a freaky, and a slightly fat creature.

Russia wanted a drink, so he poured one. He stared at Canada sleeping on the couch that didn't look too comfortable, and decided to slide his arms under Canada's back and legs and hoisted him up, which isn't hard since Canada is very light. Russia heard beaver chittering and the sound of teeth eating a pencil with an interesting amount of force and patience.

Russia set Canada on the bed, in a hopefully okay position, and then covered him with a blanket. Russia then took off the professional clothes and just wore random things. Look at him, being independent. Then crawled onto the bed and settled beside Canada. He was such an amazing, not-boyfriend-but-will-be-boyfriend when he convinced Canada. He just had to tell Canada of course.

SMASH.